

# The Mechanics of Song and Ice

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Summary: (title subject to change) A RotBTD Glee au! Henrik Haddock, Merida Dun'Broch, Renee Gloderflower, and Jackson Frost. Four completely different people who are brought together by one thing. Glee club. They will face high school and home life while also dealing with the ins and outs of love, hate and everything being a teenage stands for. (Tumblr blog is [themechanicsofsongandice](http://themechanicsofsongandice))

## The Mechanics of Song and Ice

**\*\*My RotBTD Glee AU world of epicness!\*\***

"\_Henrik! We need to go, hunny! Daddy's waiting!" His mother called him, her voice as raspy as he could ever remember. It was always this way. He never knew why. Always hoarse, as though she was getting over a cold or had just finished screaming. Many times he found himself hating this quality, but unable to imagine any other. It scared him.\_

"\_Coming mommyâ€¦| "\_

\_They were in a hurry today. Daddy was off early and he wanted to spend time with them. Henrik was okay with this because daddy was never around long enough. He would pop in and out, placing chaste kisses on their foreheads as he went. It was something he never quite understood about his daddy. Why would he go to work when he has family to love him? What was a job, anyway?\_

"\_Put your seatbelt on." His mom croaked sternly. "Number one rule in the car, son."\_

"\_Yes mommyâ€¦| "\_

\_The roads were clear, hardly a driver out this early in the afternoon. The ride was smooth for a while, as the street was

relatively new in the area, but many places in this small town where they lived still had gravel. It was not long before they came to it and Henrik lifted his head from the window to avoid rattling about painfully. He cast a tired glance to his mother, who had taken to shifting her attention back and forth between driving and her son. She wasn't wearing a seatbelt.\_

"\_Mommy?"\_

\_She turned to face him for a split second. "Yes?"\_

"\_You â€\"." A bright flash and the blare of a horn were the only warnings he got before impact.\_

"\_MOMMY!"\_

"â€|et up, Son! Hiccup! Fer tha love of- SON!" Henrik groaned and rolled to his side, eyes still closed to the light he knew was on.

"Go away."

"Are ya up?"

"No, I'm holding a legitimate conversation with the bear I'm currently dreaming about." Henrik grouched, not at all a morning person. His father snorted before taking his leave. His thunderous steps could be heard all the way to the front door. So he was off to work then. Good.

With a long-suffering sigh, the teen pushed himself to his elbows to get a look at his alarm clock. Saphira held the clock in a mocking fashion as the numbers flashed 7:45. He was late. He groaned louder and shoved his pillow over his face in consternation. He was never late! He must have forgotten to set his alarm. He sent a glare the innocent dragon's way. Saphira could only stare back lifelessly.

The bed shook as a sudden weight descended onto the end and Henrik directed his eyes to their new target. A large black collie sat regally by his legs, tail thumping like a grandfather clock and tongue lolling out. Its large green eyes, which were a strange genetic considering its breed, stared straight back at him. The dog was clearly unimpressed.

Henrik scoffed. "You could have woken me up, you know." The collie's ears perked as its head tilted in curiosity. "Yes you could haveâ€| Now go downstairs, I need to get ready for school." With that, the collie leapt down and padded to the door, nosing it open in order to slip through the crack.

The teen shifted, putting both legs over the edge of his bed and sitting up. The pant to his left leg was rolled up and Henrik sat to observe himself for a moment, as he did every morning. On his right, his leg was normal, if a bit long. His left legâ€| well it was a bit more like a stump now. It cut off just below the knee. He lost it the same day he lost his mother.

Shaking his head, not yet ready to travel down that path, Henrik felt around the underside of his bed for his prosthetic, something he was quite proud to say he had made himself. It was a mixture of mechanics

and cloth-work like no other, making for a comfortable and practical limb. It looked similar to a real leg and when all his clothes were on, no one could tell it wasn't.

He latched up the fake leg and stood up, shifting his weight a bit to re-familiarize him with the foreign object. Once he was confident that he could walk at least two steps without tripping, he made his way to his closet. He had a large wardrobe, but not much variety. On one side, vests and long sleeved button-downs of different colors and types hung neatly from their hangers. On the other, classy denim jeans and dress pants were folded neatly on their shelves. Below his tops, several pairs of shoes lay on the floor, from combat boots to converse high tops. Finally, on his back wall, there hung his hats. Fedoras, sports hats, even a beret or two littered the pegs.

Deciding quickly on his usual, Henrik prepared for his first day of junior year.

He went to a relatively normal school in Burgess, Pennsylvania. It was a small town practically stricken from the map and many people could say it was one of the least tolerant places on the planet. None the less, he found he could call it home. Well as close to home as he could get since moving there two years prior. He still held a special place in his heart for Berk, his home town in southern Ontario.

A loud barking echoed through the door of the bathroom, alerting Henrik to his dog's presence. "Toothless! Go bother a bird or something!" When the barking refused to cease, he quickly washed the remaining soup from his body, hating to cut his shower short, and wrapped a towel securely around his hips. Water dripped down onto the cold tile floor and his prosthetic that was waterproofed by a good friend of his, made a wet clacking noise with each step he took. Dressing in a hurry and making sure all was in place, he yanked the door open to see Toothless sitting there, unrepentant. The teen pointed down in accusation. "\_You\_ are going to get me in a lot of trouble with how loud you are!"

Toothless barked again, softer this time before scampering back down the stairs.

Going back to his room, he looked once again at the clock. 7:54 it read. School started in a little over 15 minutes. Hurriedly, he put his shoes on and shouldered his one-strap bag before taking off down into the kitchen, where he simply grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl before leaving out the front door. He had to double back, however, when he realized he forgot his keys.

With a quick pat on the head for Toothless, he was gone once again. Outside, it was like any suburban neighborhood with cookie-cutter houses and unnaturally green lawns tinted with weed-killer, as it was that time of year when they were abundant. The drive-in of every house held at least one nice car and many window boxes full of flowers could be seen. Henrik had none on his own house, mind you, because it was only his father and him and neither of them were much the type for flowers.

Henrik himself owned a sports car. A Ferrari 458 Spider was waiting there in the drive, looking intimidating to passers-by. Its sleek black paint absorbed the heat of the early morning sun and bounced

rays back at on-lookers. He kept it in pristine condition because he really loved cars. It was not a professional interest by any means but he found that rebuilding cars was calming. It could be why his current job was at the local car shop.

Starting the engine and smirking at the accompanying purr, he made sure his seatbelt was secure and his mirrors all in the right places before backing out. From there, it was only him and the road. And he would be lying if he said he didn't speed just a tiny bit. He couldn't help it! He loved the rush, the adrenalin that pumped through his veins and when the hardtop was down, it was the wind in his hair that he loved.

All too soon, he was in the student parking-lot, pulling into his designated slot close to the back door of the school with five minutes to spare. Exhaling with excess excitement, he got out of his car and locked it up before walking to the front entrance. He was skillful in hiding his slight limp so that no one who did not already know would question him on his prosthetic. The familiar smell of paper and man-sweat assaulted his nose as the doors opened and he cringed before walking briskly to the main office.

The room was like any other high school office. One large desk near the front of the room sat one lone secretary, a cheery old woman who hunched over when she walked and had a humbling air about her. Uncomfortable chairs lined the wall directly across from the desk and adjacent to the door and another door labeled 'Principle' opened directly across from him.

"What can I do for you, Deary?" She asked in an old nasally voice. She smiled and he noticed some of her teeth were missing.

"I'm just here to get my schedule, Ms. Whidler." Henrik replied, hiking his bag up higher as it threatened to slip. Ms. Whidler started typing away, sifting through other students on her screen. She turned back to him. "Name?"

"Henrik Haddock."

Her grey eyes sparkled in recognition. "Oh! Yes, the smarty-pants. Well, let's hope this year is better for you!" With that she printed off his schedule and handed it over to him. He nodded in thanks right as the bell chimed to head to first period. He trekked the halls in search of his locker, 160. It was convenient for him that it was directly across from his first class. A reverberating slam drew his attention to his left.

Three lockers down from his own stood Frankie Ingerman, one of the kinder jocks and Henrik's best friend. The boy was big-boned and tall, the perfect line-backer for their team. He had a noticeable overbite and squinty eyes with short cropped hair the color of wheat. He was also very capable in math and had a passion for facts. Frankie smiled and closed the gap between them, coming to stand slightly behind him as he finished at his locker. "Hey Hiccup, where you been? You're never late."

"Hey Legs. Nah, I'm not late, by school standards." Henrik muttered. "I forgot to set my alarm."

Frankie chuckled. "What's your first class?" He brought out his own,

crumpled schedule. "I've got English with Mr. Pitchiner!" His tone dropped an octave with dread.

Henrik sighed. "English with Pitchiner. Joy!" He shut his own locker and glanced over his paper. He gestured to the door across from them. "I have American History with Mr. Bennett, so I'm good." He snickered at his friend's envious look. "Hey, you'll warn me if he's just as bad as last year, right?"

"Yeah, whatever!" Frankie then shuffled off, looking miserable. Henrik let a soft laugh out at the others situation as he walked through the door leading into his homeroom. The teacher was sitting in his own little box, so to speak, that looked over half the class. The other half extended further into the classroom away from the desk. There were at least fifty desks, although Henrik was sure there were only twenty or so students. The leftovers would likely go to other classes sometime during the day. He took a seat on the very outer edge in the back, closest to the door.

Others began spilling in as the threat of the late bell hung over their heads. He recognized everyone as they passed. The school was far too small for very many new students to make an appearance. Soon, the room was as full as it was going to get at 24 students and Mr. Bennett was shutting the door with a welcoming smile.

"Hello class!" He started. "It's really good to see most of you again!" Here, there were a few scattered chuckles. "How's it feel to be juniors? Good? Well don't get used to it, you'll be hating it by your second quarter." Groans flew through the air. "Yes I know. Now I'm going to take lunch account. If you're eating school lunch just say yes."

Henrik toned out for the entire thing, except for when his own name was called, to which he replied with a dull 'no'. After lunch account, Mr. Bennett handed out the books and wrote down numbers before giving them the remainder of the hour to reacquaint themselves with one another. Henrik slumped in his seat and propped his feet against the basket of the desk in front of him, ready to be ignored or do the ignoring for a decent nap before math.

"Hello!" His eyes snapped open at the loud call and his head whipped around to his right. Renee Goldenflower, better known as Repunzel for her hair, sat in the seat next to his own. Her green eyes, a brighter color than his forest eyes, shone with a sort of naïve happiness he had begun to associate with her. She rubbed her arm out of habit and smiled nicely. She was one of the kindest girls he'd ever met, honest too. However, they had never held a conversation longer than the expected 'Hi, how are ya?' spiel of acquaintances. So when he replied with a short greeting before shutting his eyes once again, he figured that was the end of it. Until, that is, she spook again. "You're name is Henrik, right?"

Funny. He was under the impression everyone knew him by Hiccup, his nickname from freshman year. "Yes?"

She beamed, and if she had been his type, he would have likely been attracted to her. He did always have a thing for light hair. "That's great! My names Renee, but you can call me Repunzel! Everyone does!"

Henrik felt his own smile forming at her enthusiasm. "I think I'll stick to Renee. Wouldn't want to blend with the masses."

Renee giggled softly and he chuckled. Conversation was kept light and he discovered that Renee was a cheerleader and that she had a boyfriend who was a football player. He also discovered that her mother refused to let her cut her hair, for whatever reason. Soon, the bell rang and he bid goodbye to her, who was heading to science. Most of the day passed in a similar way until he entered the art room, where he once again met Renee.

"Two classes together!" She exclaimed. "Isn't this great?"

He smiled. "Yeah."

The art room was set up with tables that sat two each, all facing the cluttered desk in the corner. Leaning against the desk was a middle-aged man with salt and pepper hair and a round face. He was thin and gangly but hardly unattractive for his age. His eyes appeared molten silver in the artificial light of the room. His eyebrows were thin and his nose just a bit crooked, indicating a past break. Once all were seated, he pushed off the desk and began. "Greetings. My name is Mr. Moon, but I encourage you to call me Manny. First thing I want you to do is sketch. I want to see where each of you stands in ability."

He passed out a sheet of sketching paper to each student and retreated back to his desk for another stack of papers. With a slight gleam in his eyes, he gave the room a once over before speaking again. "What I have here is a sheet naming all clubs this year. If you find one that interests you, sign-up for each is in the hall on the bulletin board."

Henrik accepted the paper with a quiet thank you, as did Renee. He skimmed through the page, half-interested before placing it off to the side and starting his sketch. He was barely past a vague shape before his shoulder was shook hard and his ear drum nearly burst with a loud squeal. "Henrik! Henrik, look!"

Renee tapped the club sheet repeatedly in excitement, nearly putting a hole into it. She was smiling far too largely for his liking. "What?"

"Glee!" She nearly shouted. "A glee club! Here! I'm going to sign up as soon as class is over!"

Henrik's brows shot into his hairline. A Glee club here? Burgess was the last school he would think for something like that. Not many Burgess High School students aspired to be singers. How interesting.

When Renee finally turned her attention to her sketch, he was unable to concentrate enough to do the same. His mother was a singer. She would have loved to see him in a club like Glee. Then again, there was his father. Stoick Haddock wanted his son in sports, not dancing and singing in a show choir. But Henrik enjoyed singing, to an extent and he loathed sports. Or at least he hated Football, which was the only available sport in Burgess.

In the end, he only managed to get halfway through his picture before

the bell rang. With a heavy sigh, he placed his signature in the bottom left-hand corner, a personal preference since he was left handed and gathered his things to leave. He felt inadequate when Renee placed a beautiful picture of a lily on top of his own.

Later, as he stared at the bulletin board, Henrik took in a deep breath, brought out a green pin and signed his name in scratchy cursive right below Renee's own loopy name. He was joining Glee Club.

End  
file.